

Too Many Miles Between Us

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Summary: Another prompt from Tumblr, the prompt was 'Things you said with too many miles between us' for Dorian and Iron Bull. With Dorian's work keeping him in Tevinter, where Iron Bull can't follow, they're forced to relying on the sending crystal to keep their relationship strong, while only meeting in person occasionally. But how many years can that be enough for either of them?

Too Many Miles Between Us

"Kadan?" the deep bass came through the sending crystal. Even after having spoken like this dozens of times, the Bull was still tentative, Dorian could tell.

"Amatus, I have missed your voice. Almost as much as you've missed mine I suspect," Dorian said into the crystal in his hand.

The deep pink of the crystal lit up as the reply came, "There are actually other parts of you I've missed more than your voice."

Dorian laughed. He sat down at his desk. "I imagine you would."

Dorian could hear the Bull's deep laugh coming through. "How are things in mage-central?"

Dorian sighed. "The same as always, expensive clothes, luxurious parties, regular assassinations!"

Despite it clearly being a less than serious remark, Dorian could hear genuine concern in the Bull's voice as he replied, "You need me and the Chargers to set some heads straight, you let me know."

"Ah yes, that will help my delicate political strategy, having a Qunari mercenary bursting in, decorating the walls with magister

heads."

"You forget I was Ben-Hassrath for years, Kadan, I can do duplicity, but sometimes the direct approach is the best."

Dorian sighed. "You wouldn't make it past the gates of Minrathous."

"You're assuming I've never been in the city before," Bull said.

"You have?"

"No, but I could have."

"And how are things in the wilderness? I'm assuming you haven't seen a bath in weeks?"

"Picturing me washing again are we?" Bull teased.

Dorian laughed, "Well, I need something to keep my mind occupied, to help me survive the tedious senate meetings."

The Bull laughed. "Maybe we can meet in the villa again, soon, than you won't have to strain your imagination."

Dorian sighed. "You know I would love to run off with you and forget about Tevinter politics, but I can't, I'm sorry."

The Bull grumbled. "You could just come over for a few days."

"Amatus, I can't."

"I thought you were one of the big shot mages now."

"I can't just walk away, you know what I'm trying to doâ€""

"And I know how slowly changes happen in politics, you can miss a few days," Bull protested.

"Amatus, please."

The Bull grumbled. "I know," he conceded, "I'm just tired of talking to this rock." Dorian could hear Bull slamming the rock against something. "Even if we've been very creative with it so far."

Dorian laughed a little. "I know this isn't what either of us imagined, though I suppose I never expected to have a relationship with a Qunari."

"Tal-Vashoth," the bull corrected him this time.

"It won't always be like this," Dorian said.

"No before you know it we're both old men and won't have the stamina to spend a week at the villa."

"It'll be sooner than that."

"And how long do you think it will be?" Bull asked.

Dorian felt his heart skip a beat at the words, or rather what he thought was behind them.

"How long until we don't have to make plans to see each other?" Bull repeated.

"How long until I've changed Tevinter society to the point they would accept you living with me in Minrathous?" Dorian asked.

Despite recognising the mockery in Dorian's voice, Bull replied, "Yes, how long until we don't have to hide away in a villa in a tiny border town?"

Dorian tried to calm his nerves, fearing where this conversation was going. "I don't know, Amatus," Dorian admitted. He listened for a reply, but none came. "Does that matter?" he asked, his voice tense.

A bitter laugh echoed through the room, but Bull didn't reply.

"This isn't anything new," Dorian reminded him.

The Bull sighed, "I know, Kadan, butâ€œ I never expected it to be this difficult."

>"Amatus?" Dorian asked, his worry increasing.<p>

"I'm sorry," Bull said. "I'm just tired of waiting for the next time you have some time."

"You can't blame me for not dropping everything and riding out to meet you every time you want to see me," Dorian said, worrying about how the conversation was going.

"No, but you could ride out to meet me occasionally," Bull said.

"I saw you two months ago!" Dorian retorted.

"You say that as if two months is a short time to be apart! When you left the Inquisition for Tevinter I didn't realise I would be waiting for you the rest of our lives!" Bull said, raising his voice now.

>"It won't be the rest of our lives!"<p>

"No, just until you manage to do the impossible!"

>"I have been known to do that before you know!" Dorian replied, feeling more nervous with every reply from Bull.<p>

"Don't you understand, I don't want to wait!"

"Then don't!" Dorian spat out before really thinking about it, and immediately wanting to take it back.

The silence between them was suffocating to them both, but neither spoke. Dorian stared at the crystal in his hand, willing it to light up, willing the Bull's deep voice to call out to him. But nothing happened. There was just that silence that felt like it was choking him.

"Fine," Dorian hissed at the crystal and threw it against the wall.

Tears stung his eyes. What had just happened? Did they justâ€| _was it over_? Just thinking of the possibility had Dorian breathing shallow breaths, furiously wiping at his eyes. Fine, he thought to himself, that's it then.

"Venhedis," Dorian said under his breath, but there was no real fire behind the word. His hand reached for the dragon tooth around his neck. "Ridiculous brute," he muttered.

Dorian paced through the large office, his office, once his father's office. It was in this room that he and his father had had their biggest falling out. There were still scorch marks on the wall, hidden behind luxurious, silken, curtains. Years later this was also the room Dorian had told his father he was in a relationship with a Qunari. His father had tried to hide his disapproval for the sake of the tentative peace they had formed between them, but Dorian had seen it in his eyes, try as he might, his father still could not accept him completely.

Well, it hardly mattered now, his father was long dead, and the Bullâ€| Bull, he wasâ€| gone as well. The realisation hit Dorian hard and he felt fresh tears swell up in his eyes. His hand reached for the dragon tooth necklace again. He remembered the night Bull had given it to him; who would expect that great big lummox to be so sentimental, soâ€| romantic. Dorian's grip tightened around the necklace, wanting to rip it off his neck. But he didn't. Instead he sank down in the large chair standing in the corner by the largest bookcase. "Kadan," Dorian softly said to himself; the night he had given him this necklace was the first time he had called Dorian that. "I don't want it to be over," Dorian whispered to the empty room.

Dorian pushed himself out of the chair and rushed over to where the sending crystal was lying on the ground. "Bull?" he said, his voice tentative. Dorian waited. "Iron Bull?" Dorian wasn't surprised when there came no reply. "Kaffas," Dorian cursed under his breath. He stood there, frozen for a moment, but he couldn't just wait in this office, hoping things weren't as they seemed or hoping Bull would answer him.

Dorian was distracted for a moment when there was a knock on the door, and directly after the door opened revealing one of the scribes Dorian worked with.

"Magister, I wasâ€" "

"Just about to leave," Dorian finished the sentence for him, walking over to the scribe in long strides, turning him back to the door and pushing him through it. "Just as I was," Dorian said as he left the office.

* * *

><p>The journey to the border had been longer than Dorian remembered, probably because his nerves wouldn't settle , he couldn't stop worrying. What if Bull didn't want to continue? What if he was about to make an ass of himself?<p>

Dorian was exhausted when he finally reached the villa he and Iron Bull used to spend time together. It was night and because the villa was only inhabited when they were there, it was dark. Dorian stumbled through the house, loudly cursing whenever his shins hit another piece of furniture. He dropped the small bag he had taken with him, and then there was the sound of something shattering, probably a vase. Finally he reached the bedroom. He would spend the night here and tomorrow head into the village and ask if anyone knew where the Iron Bull and his charges were. Dorian knew Maryden often sang in the tavern in the village and she would know how to contact Krem at least.

"Venhedis," Dorian muttered as his already bruised shin hit the edge of the bed. He quickly got undressed and crawled under the covers. The sheets were too cold for his liking and he curled up in a ball, trying to warm up.

Then something pinched him.

"Aahh!" Dorian rolled away from whatever had pinched him, rolling off the bed and crashing on the floor.

A loud, thunderous laugh filled the room.

"Bull!?" Dorian screeched in surprise.

"I'm sorry Dorian, I couldn't resist, I heard you stumbling through the house and I just!" Bull laughed again.

Even with his eyes adjusted to the dark, Dorian couldn't see Bull, still he felt relieved hearing Bull's seemingly carefree voice. Relieved enough to forget his annoyance with Bull's little prank.

"How long have you been here?" Dorian asked.

"Since this afternoon," Bull said. "I err, I came looking for you."

"You did?" Dorian asked, suddenly smiling.

"Well, yeah the way we left things, it didn't feel right."

"I agree," Dorian said. "Why did you think you would find me here?"

"I didn't, it's just a good place to sleep, safe, before heading into Tevinter."

"You were going to Tevinter?" Dorian asked surprised.

"Yeah," Bull said, "seems only fair, you're always coming here."

"You can't be seen in Tevinter Bull, Qunari-Tevinter relations are worse than they have been in centuries."

"I know, but I had to talk to you, I wanted to apologize."

"Apologize?"

"Yeah, don't make a big deal out of it, please," Bull said.

"I'm sorry as well," Dorian said as he lifted himself back on the bed.

"That's why you came here?"

"Yes, I wanted to talk to you, Iâ€œ I want you to know I don't want to lose this, what we have, Iâ€œ"

Dorian felt Iron Bull's hand cover his own. "I know, Kadan," he said.

"No, I should say it," Dorian said, swallowing hard, "I love you, Amatus."

"I love you too Kadan," Bull said and he pulled Dorian in for a kiss.

Dorian felt Bull's arms wrap around him and finally his nerves calm down, relief washing over him as he lost himself in the kiss.

Bull pulled back a little, "Come on Kadan, let's see if I can get you to set the drapes on fire again."

End
file.